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REGENT STREET
Best and Most Modern Funeral
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IS CONDUCTING AN
UNDERTAKING
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IN PEACE OR WAR
It is the TRAINED man who leads.
It is the business of this school to
train young men and women to fill
responsibilities, good paying positions.
Write for booklet describing our
courses of study, and let us show
you how you can prepare yourself
for one of these positions.
Address:

Fredericton Business College
W. J. OSBOURNE, Principal.
Fredericton, N. B.

When Your Clothes
Need
Pressing and Repairing
SEND THEM TO
H. L. ROGERS
And Have Them Done in First Class
Style.
"THE OLD MADE NEW."
83 REGENT STREET.

Delicate but lasting flavors are most
appreciated by women of refined taste.
Many new odors have been added to
our large assortment of

EXQUISITE PERFUMES
And there is something here to please
every taste.

These delicious scents can be pur-
chased by the ounce or in fancy bot-
tles at

STAPLES PHARMACY
Alonzo Staples, Proprietor.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

575-21 Dunbar, Mrs. W. R., Colonial
Tea Rooms, Queen Street.
462-31 Smith, George H., Res., 372
Charlotte Street.

N. B. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.

FUN! MAGIC! MYSTERY!
This big bargain package
consists of 1 pkg. Comic
Visiting Cards, 3 Amusing
Circulars, 1 Finger Trap,
1 Song Book (words and
music) 2 Dandy Whistles,
1 Imitation Gold Tooth, 3 High Grade
Post Cards and 1 Swiss Warbler Bird
Call. Also Free Fountain Pen offer
and Novelty Catalogue. All sent post-
paid for 15c.

F. A. STONE, Box 474,
Fredericton, N. B.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.
A safe, reliable regulating
medicine. Sold in three de-
grees of strength—No. 1, 51c;
No. 2, 35c; No. 3, 25c per box.
Sold by all druggists, or sent
postpaid on receipt of price.
Free pamphlet. Address:
THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

She Coughed Day and Night.

Mrs. Fred. Feairs, Cedarville, Ont.,
writes: "I am sending you this letter
telling what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine
Syrup did for me. Ten years ago I had
a terrible cold. For days I could not
speak above a whisper. I coughed day
and night. One evening I was so bad I
went down to our storekeeper, and when
I went in he said, 'You better get some-
thing done for that cold of yours.' I told
him, as well as I could, that I had just
come to get a bottle of the best cough
medicine he had. He told me Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup was the best he had,
and said for me to take a little of it be-
fore I left the store. I took some, and
in fifteen minutes I could speak as well
as ever. I think 'Dr. Wood's' is the
very best on the market."

That persistent cough must be gotten
rid of immediately, for if it hangs on to
it may develop into some serious lung
trouble, such as bronchitis, pneumonia
and perhaps consumption.

Get rid of it by using Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup. A remedy that has
been on the market for twenty-five
years. A remedy that cures when all
others fail.

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see
that you get what you ask for as there
are many imitations on the market.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow
wrapper; three pine trees the trade
mark; price, 25c and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. Mil-
burn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rates for Classified Advertising.

1 insertion	\$0.25
3 insertions60
6 insertions	1.00
1 month	3.00

WANTED

WANTED—Boys to sell The Daily
Mail. A good chance for well rested
boys to make some easy money.

WANTED—Man or Woman to distri-
bute War Literature. \$120.00 for sixty
days work in your own community.
Spare time may be used. Winston Co.,
Toronto.

TO LET

TO LET—Several flats and stores to
let. Apply to F. B. Edgecombe Co.,
Ltd.

TO LET—A sunny room to let, in pri-
vate family. Phone 591-21. tf

TO LET—From May 1st. Upper Flat
of house corner Waterloo Row and
University avenue, now occupied by
Canon Smithers. Apply to Judge Wil-
son. tf

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Dry split hard maple
stove wood, 16 inches long; also 12
inch wood, suitable for coal stoves,
\$2.75 per load; 16 inch mixed wood
\$2.50 per load. F. Fulton, 618 Bruns-
wick street. Phone 308-32.

FOR SALE—Dr. Atherton's residence
on Brunswick street, opposite Cathed-
ral. May be seen between 4 and 5 any
afternoon.

LOST

LOST—A wrist watch, Saturday, either
on the train between St. Marys and
Clanfield siding, or at Clanfield siding.
Finder will please leave at the Mail
Office.

STALLIONS FOR SALE

I have decided to offer my entire
stable of Stallions for sale. Their re-
cord in the Show Rings is proof that
they are good individuals; and best
of all, their record as breeders is un-
surpassed.

GRESHAM No. 1553—Imported grey
Percheron, champion of all the Mari-
time Exhibitions, 1850 lbs., sound and
perfect in every way.

DAY DREAM, No. 12801—Brown
Clydesdale, prize winner in Maritime
shows as well as in the shows of On-
tario. The best breeding Clyde I ever
knew: 1825 lbs. and the best looker on
the streets.

BLACKBAND SENSATION, No. 9476
—Brown Clydesdale, 1850 lbs., a stu-
dy, heavy-boned horse that will get
good business anywhere, and a great
breeder.

POTTER PALMER, No. 47432—A
Standard Trotter, handsome as a pic-
ture, 1225 lbs., and a great show horse
and a 10.1 breeder.

TRYFAST, No. 58509—Standard
Trotter, the best bred in the land, has
a 2-year-old record of 2:24½, and can
trot as fast as any horse.

Above horses are offered for sale
because of no fault. I will sell them
with a guarantee they are O.K., and at
prices that are right.

H. C. JEWETT,
Fredericton, N. B.

MAPLE HONEY LABELS.

We have all the facilities for
printing them neatly and prompt-
ly. Send in your orders at once
to the Mail Printing Co., 613
Queen street, Fredericton.

Molly Beamish

(Continued.)

Astonishment had no relation to
the feeling that filled Miss Beamish
when, on this announcement, entered
Mr. Smith, followed Sir Peter Dex-
ter.

Mr. Smith was still attired in the
clothes worn by him that morning,
but otherwise he was quite changed.
He seemed an inch taller and not
nearly so light hearted looking.
Grave, dignified and calm of eye, he
glanced about him, perceived Lady
Dexter and bowed.

"Why, 't is Mr. Jerminham!"
cried the hostess, returning his salu-
tation. "Surely, sir, this must be
some mistake."

She had met Mr. Jerminham in
the polite circles of town and had
always heard him spoken of as a
hard-brained scamp. She had quite
forgotten that he was, in default of
direct issue, the inheritor of the Blag-
don estates and title.

"Alas, madam," replied the young
man, "it is no mistake, unless it be
the mistake of Death, who has taken
my worthy uncle in the prime of his
career and left me, his unworthy
next-of-kin, with the burden of the
marquise and the administration of
his estates. The late Marquis of
Blagdon died but a few hours ago and
the present Marquis begs to intro-
duce himself to you. The Dowager
Marchioness, stricken by the sad
event, will be unable, with deep re-
gret, to avail herself of the hospita-
lity of your roof, and has deputed me
her messenger."

Never once did he glance at Molly,
who, with cheeks now flaming and
with brilliant eyes, was still seated
at the table.

Was he about to ignore her like the
rest, now that fortune had touched
him? For a moment the idea came
to her that all this was a joke on
his part, designed to confuse my
Lady Dexter, but her keen perception
soon told her this was not so; the
man was stamped with his vocation
in life; the new dignity that had
come to him was apparent as a cor-
onet would have been worn on his
head. No, the chrysalis which she
had found that morning and protect-
ed had indeed burst into butterfly
blossom, and the butterfly knew her
not.

"I vow, my Lord Marquis," cried
Lady Dexter, "this this surpris-
has so overcome me I am quite at a task
how to express myself in fitting
terms. Whilst lamenting at the death
of the late Marquis, your uncle, one
cannot but rejoice that his mantle
has fallen on one so eminently quali-
fied to bear it. My lord, my con-
gratulations."

"My congratulations," murmured
each of the guests, even to Mutton,
who was all asghast and agog at the
sight of this man, a highway robber
last night, a marquis this evening.
Sophie Shrimpton, on the point of
fainting at the fool she had made of
herself that day, was conscious of
little else but a buzzing in her ears;
yet she gave him her congratula-
tions like the others, and my Lord
Marquis bowed to each in turn.
Molly, alone, still seated at the
table, said nothing.

"And have you arrived from town?"
asked Lady Dexter. "For if so, you
must sadly need refreshment after
your journey; and if your lordship
will make our roof your shelter to-
night, say but the word and I will
have your room made up. 'T will
not take a minute."

"I thank you," replied he, "but I
am staying with a friend."

His eyes were now fixed on Molly;
though he had perceived her from
the first moment of entering the
room, he seemed to see her now for
the first time, and some of the old,
irresponsible gaiety and devilment of
the man peeped from his eyes. He
saw she was in confusion, and, far
from commiserating with her, he
seemed to enjoy the fact. It seemed
to Molly that polished brutality
could go no further; that the world
had ended for her and that, had she
a weapon, she could have killed him
with ease and conscience.

"At the Wells?" queried Lady
Dexter.

"Outside the Wells," replied the
Marquis. "Outside the Wells, mad-
am. But it seems to me there is a
lady here to whom I have not been
introduced. Ah, Miss Beamish, Miss
Beamish, is it thus you forget old
friends?"

Molly, suddenly electrified by his
change of tone and expression rose
from the table and bowed as he ad-
vanced towards her and before my
Lady Dexter could attempt an intro-
duction, my lord the Marquis, to the
amazement of the company, was
down on one knee and kissing the
outcast's fingers.

"My lord," said Molly, as he rose
and as she stood flushed and in the
seventh heaven at this homage before
the circle of abashed and disconcert-
ed ones, "my only thought has been
of your safety since we last met."

"Dear heart," replied he, "I am
now safe from the effect of my stulti-
city and cured of it forever by your
grace. Ladies," said he, turning to
the others, "you see before you a
man who has committed many light-
hearted follies. For instance, last
night, returning from a masque and
flown with wine, the happy thought

occurred to him to turn to the high-
way and pick up what he could in
the way of adventure. Meeting a
fat macaroni in a coach, he stopped
the coach, took the purse of the occu-
pant, and then, the frolic over, re-
turned the purse with a bow. For
this he was pursued and it would
have gone hard with him had not an
angel appeared in his path to give
him shelter and consolation. That
angel was Mr. Jerminham, that an-
gel was the daughter of my friend
Sir Patrick Beamish. I cannot in-
troduce Mr. Jerminham to you—he
has vanished from the earth; I can-
not introduce Miss Beamish to you,
as you already know her, but I can
introduce the future Marchioness of
Blagdon."

He bowed low to the future March-
ioness, who, bowing to him, turned
her back on the company present.

"My lord," said she, "all this is
so extraordinary that I have scarce
speech to explain myself. Here have
I sat munched all the evening,
scorned by the people to whom you
have just introduced me as your fu-
ture wife. It becomes the dignity of
neither of us that we should remain
in this house where I have been so
treated; therefore I pray you, my
lord, to take me to my father's house
for in this place the happiness that
has come to me is soiled by the re-
membrance of my treatment."

My Lord the Marquis looked coldly
round on the assembled guests, bowed
to Lady Dexter, and, without a word
presenting his arm to his fiancée,
led her from the room, where the con-
fused guests were now occupied in
resuscitating the Guinea Girl, who
had fainted.

Down stairs they passed and across
the hall, where a servant ran before
them to open the door. In the road
Molly caught a glimpse of the trav-
elling coach, the four horses, the
blazing lamps and the postillions.
Next moment she was inside the
carriage, with the Marquis of Blag-
don beside her and it was heading for
the Chase.

This reversal of fortune was too
much for Miss Beamish. Scarcely
had the carriage turned than, with a
flood of tears, and casting herself on
the shoulder of her lover, she broke
into the tale of her troubles, so that
my Lord the Marquis was for turn-
ing the carriage, challenging Mutton
and pulling Sir Peter Dexter's nose-
things which he would most certain-
ly have done but for Molly, who,
turning from tears to laughter, or-
dered the postillions to drive on.

"And is she there?" asked she, as
the horses slackened speed at the hill
"Who, sweetheart?"

"My Lady Blagdon."

"I faith is she, there and waiting
for you, wig and all; drinking the
brandy punch served to her by your
new man. And, by the same token,
that new man of yours—where did
you get him from? For his face
seems to me strangely familiar."

"Heaven," said Molly. "Just where
I got you from on this day of my
life. Never shall I part with him—
diar heart! never shall I part with
you, till Death us do part."

But she spoke without a full knowl-
edge of Joe. That friend of the ar-
istocracy in distress, though he as-
sisted at the wedding function which
took place a fortnight later, could
by no persuasion be induced to fore-
go his proper calling, living his an-
biguous but useful life, and dying full
of years in the service of my Lord
Kilmainham.

(THE END.)

OMINOUS.

"I purchased a lovely round oak
dining table this morning," said
Mrs. Hasher.

"That being the case," rejoined
the star boarder, "I suppose we need
expect no more square meals."

-Woman's Column-

REALISM IS KEYNOTE
OF WOMEN'S STYLES

But There's a Limit to Simplicity and
It is to be Found in the
Evening Gown.

At last! Milady is no longer a pea-
cock, humming bird or flamingo, as
she moves down the avenue. She's a
realist. Instead of adorning her gar-
ments with make believe clouds, gos-
samer foliage and other things appeal-
ing to the imagination, the American
woman has evolved the fashion of the
safe, sane and comfortable for the
coming season. This fact was reveal-
ed at the Fashion Art League show of
America, which opened today in the
Auditorium hotel.

Milady this year wears a hat made
in exact imitation of a basket—and
out of the same stuff. She wears a
gown built on the natural lines of a
barrel. She wears other hats made
out of rope, the same kind clerks use
to tie about piano boxes. All this she
wears and more. Her skirts are short-
er and fuller.

Comfort the Chief Idea.

The only idea is to insure comfort.
And for her afternoon tea gown she
has borrowed from the Breton peasant.
The gowns are simple and have aprons
—honest to goodness aprons attached
in front, the same as the Breton peas-
ant wears in serving in the kitchen.
The collars are wide and the skirts
stand out shapelessly so far as the
human figure is concerned. This sim-
plicity, according to the dressmakers
exhibiting, is only one indication of
the new trend.

The evening gowns, however, make
up for everything.

Hark Back to the Dark Ages.
The fashions for evening wear hark
back to the dark ages—to medieval
times. Dressmakers have turned their
imaginations loose among the queer
ornamental fields of the early centu-
ries and the result is to be seen in
quant lines, straight packet effects,
antique modes and almost masquerade
costume gowns. The possibilities of
faded by medieval fashions have only
been tapped. We expect to go on and
evolve in America the most decorative
fashions of the last century.

The transparent gauzes affected for
walking costumes have been banished
and tight skirts and form fitting effects
have also been thrown overboard.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR PIANO.

Half the pianos of this country catch
winter colds exactly as we do. They
get hoarse or have a stiff note or some
similar complaint, which cannot be
cured by home remedies, but which
require tedious and expensive doctor-
ing. In order to prevent these avoid-
able ailments, a piano should be kept
where the temperature is even, say 60
or 70 degrees the year round—not
cold one day and hot the next. The
instrument, however, should not be too
near the source of the heat. It should
be kept closed and covered with a
felt cloth when not in use, particu-
larly in frosty weather. Always place
the piano close to but not against an
inside wall.

EXTREMES MEET.

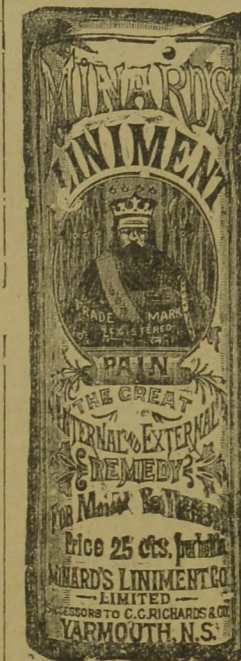
Town Topics gives a last minute
fashion note from Palm Beach:

There are many sartorial surprises
in Palm Beach. Paramount are the
whiskers of Nicholas Rivochinsky.

from Petrograd, whose wardrobe
contains fearful and wonderful continen-
tal accessories. Rosamond Lancaster
has a Buster Brown bathing suit, the
envy and despair of less slender and
lovely debutantes. But the palm must
be given to Monsieur and Madame Wil-
liams of Gotham. Madame owns to the
possession of 65 hats."

Sailor hats are trimmed with dull
blue or red ribbons bordered with cut
steel heads. A startling novelty is the
sailor hat made of black and white
chessboard straw.

Mr. C. E. Muddock of Amherst, is
a guest at the Queen.



THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
Beware of imitations, Sold on the Merits of
MINARD'S LINIMENT.

NOTICE OF LEGISLATION.

NOTICE is hereby given that applica-
tion will be made to the Legislat-
ive Assembly of New Brunswick at the
next session thereof, for an Act autho-
rizing the Trustees of the Church
Hall, situate on the corner of Carleton
and Brunswick streets, in the City of
Fredericton, to sell and dispose of the
said Church Hall and premises, and
convey a good title thereto to the pur-
chaser or purchasers.

Dated this 22nd day of February,
A. D. 1916.

By order of the Trustees.

T. S. WILKINSON,
Secretary.

FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that a
branch of the Provincial Returned Sol-
diers' Aid Committee has been organ-
ized for the Counties of York, Sun-
bury and Queens, and the City of Fre-
dericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C.
Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Sec-
retary.

All employers of labor in said dis-
trict willing to give preference to re-
turned disabled soldiers as employees,
and all returned discharged soldiers
wanting employment residing therein,
are requested to notify the secretary.

JUDGE WILSON,
Secretary.

DR. T. C. ALLEN,
Chairman.
January 22nd, 1916.

Wood's Phospholine.
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
in old veins, cures Nervous
Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despon-
dency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the
Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box,
for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all
druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of
price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD
MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

Housecleaning TIME



IS JUST ABOUT HERE. Come in and pick out the paper for that room now.
Don't put it off till next month when we might not be able to give you the same
attention that we can today.

You will also find it much easier to get a paper hanger now than it will be
next month.

If you live out of town let us mail you some samples.

The McMurray Book & Stat'y Co., Ltd.